WAR AND FIGHTING MEN

FRONTLINE COMBAT

AN ENTERTAINING COMIC

No. 6
MAY-JUN.

10¢

THE EC "ARTIST OF THE ISSUE" • HARVEY KURTZMAN

This genial, modest, tireless, hard-working, rapidly-risen star of the comic industry was born in Manhattan on October 3rd, 1924! Shortly thereafter, his family moved to Brooklyn . . . then on to the Bronx! It was there that Harvey's budding talent first received public recognition when every day he would draw an installment of his own original comic strip . . . "Ikie and Mikie" . . . in chalk on the gutter outside his home! Further inspirations to make art his career came when he won awards in an A.S.P.C.A. art contest, and in one of the annual John Wanamaker competitions. So Harvey traveled across the Harlem River every day to attend the High School of Music and Art . . where he met Al Feldstein, Johnny Severin, and Bill Elder, later to become his associates here at E.C.. Harvey's only other formal art education was a two year stint at Cooper Union. When the war came, Harvey went . . . into the army, that is! He was in the Engineers in Louisiana, the Infantry in Texas, and the Artillery in South Carolina. He also worked on training aids for the Information-Education Division in North Carolina. After his discharge, Harvey turned to cartooning, free-lancing for various comic publishers. It was while he was creating a cartoon strip called "Hey Look!" for one of these publishers that he met Adele, who was a proof-reader there! Love and courtship followed, and they were soon married! Harvey also produced a feature called "Silver Linings" for the Sunday Supplement of the New York Herald-Tribune. Double-page cartoon spreads and editorial cartoons by him also appeared in Varsity, a national magazine for the college crowd. It was here at E.C. that Harvey was given his first opportunity to show what he could do in the way of the straight comic illustration. His superior work earned for him a permanent position on E.C.'s staff, and with his magnificent science-fiction stories in WEIRD SCIENCE and WEIRD FANTASY, Harvey quickly achieved great popularity with you readers. When E.C. decided to add an adventure mag to its line, Harvey was the logical choice for editor. And so TWO-FISTED TALES was born. Instantly converting to a war magazine upon the advent of the Korean conflict, TWO-FISTED TALES became a resounding success! FRONTLINE COMBAT soon followed. Harvey's editing, writing, covers, and lay-outs brought a fresh, new approach to comics, and other publishers quickly began to copy (even TRACE, in many instances!) his unique presentation. But even the best of the imitations don't approach the Kurtzman style! Today Harvey lives with his lovely wife and 18 month old daughter, Meredith, in uptown Manhattan. His principal hobbies include photography, and tinkering with his car. Harvey loves mail . . . so don't hesitate to write, if you've a mind to!

The following is a complete list of titles published by EC in the order of their publication.

- THE HAUNT OF FEAR
- WEIRD SCIENCE
- CRIME SUSPENSTORIES
- FRONTLINE COMBAT
- TALES FROM THE CRYPT
- WEIRD FANTASY
- THE VAULT OF HORROR
- SHOCK SUSPENSTORIES
- TWO-FISTED TALES

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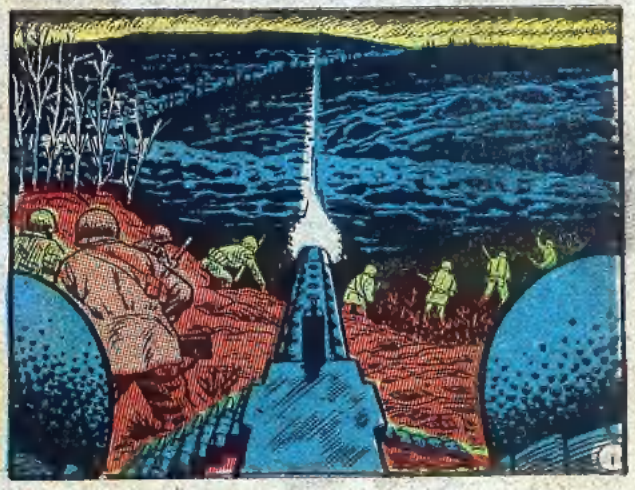
LISTEN, YOU, WHO ARE READING THIS BOOK! WHERE ARE YOU RIGHT NOW? SITTING IN A COMFORTABLE SEAT? RELAXING SOMEWHERE? WELL, LISTEN! LOOK! READ!... COME WITH US TO KOREA! COME HEAR THE HAMMERING .50 CALIBER MACHINE GUN! COME FOLLOW THE SOLDIERS WHO ARE MOVING UP! COME JOIN ...

A PLATOON!

SEVERIN AND ELDER

DON'T BE AFRAID! YOU CAN'T GET HURT WHERE YOU ARE! COME ON! IT WON'T BE HARD TO KEEP UP WITH THE SOLDIERS! THEY AREN'T IN ANY HURRY!

GO AHEAD! RIGHT PAST THE MACHINE GUN! DON'T WORRY! IT'S FIRING OVER YOUR HEAD... FIRING INTO ENEMY TERRITORY! COME ON! JOIN A PLATOON!



A PLATOON IS LIKE A TEAM, AND HERE'S THE RUN-DOWN ON THE PLAYERS! FIRST... THE ***PLATOON LEADER, A 2ND LIEUTENANT!***

NEXT IS HIS ASSISTANT! THE 'MOTHER HEN' OF THE FOUR SQUADS OF THE PLATOON... THE ***PLATOON SERGEANT!***

NEXT IN LINE ARE YOUR ***SQUAD LEADERS!*** THREE RIFLE SQUADS, ONE WEAPONS SQUAD... ***FOUR SQUAD LEADERS!***

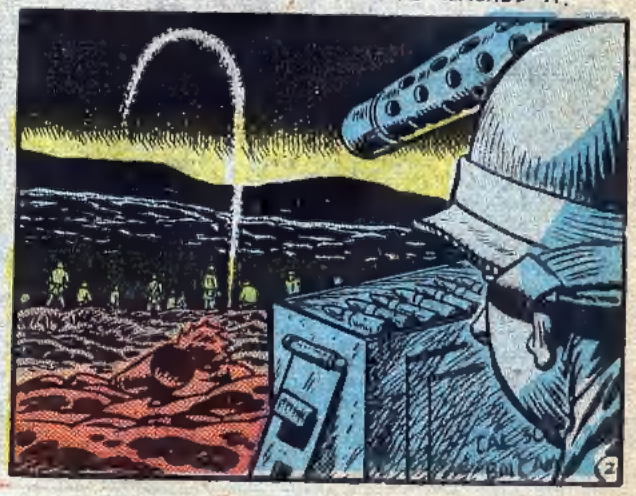
A RIFLE SQUAD HAS A ***SQUAD LEADER, ASSISTANT SQUAD LEADER,*** AND FIVE M-1 TOTING ***RIFLEMEN!***

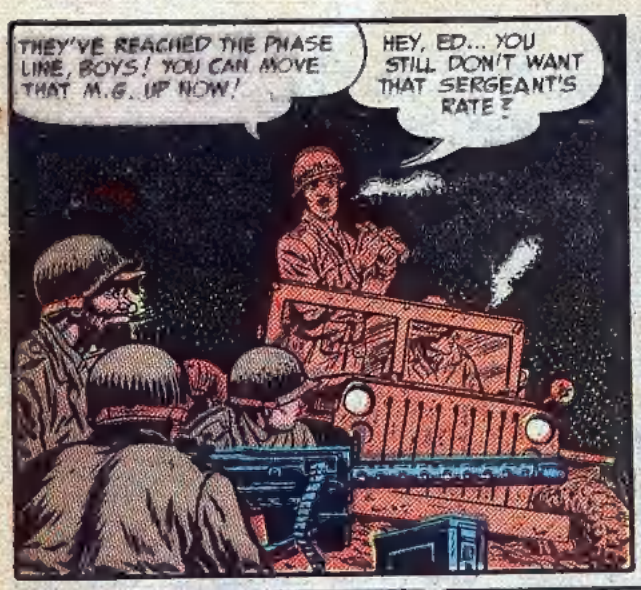
A RIFLE SQUAD ALSO HAS A ***B.A.R. MAN*** AND AN ***ASSISTANT!*** B.A.R.... THAT'S A BROWNING AUTOMATIC RIFLE!

FINALLY, THE WEAPONS SQUAD!... A ***SQUAD*** AND ***ASSISTANT SQUAD LEADER,*** TWO ***BAZOOKAS,*** AND TWO ***ASSISTANTS!***

AND ON THE TAIL-END OF THE WEAPONS SQUAD ***A LIGHT BROWNING MACHINE GUN, 30 CAL., TWO OPERATORS,*** AND ***TWO AMMO. CARRIERS!*** AND THERE YOU HAVE IT...

... A PLATOON, MOVING OUT ACROSS THE FIELD... MOVING UP TO THEIR FIRST PHASE LINE! AND NOW THEY'VE REACHED IT! THE SIGNAL FLARE SAYS THEY'VE REACHED IT!

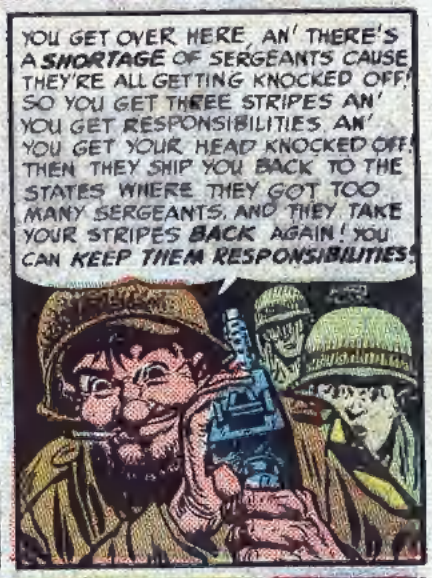



THEY'VE REACHED THE PHASE LINE, BOYS! YOU CAN MOVE THAT M.G. UP NOW!
HEY, ED... YOU STILL DON'T WANT THAT SERGEANT'S RATE?

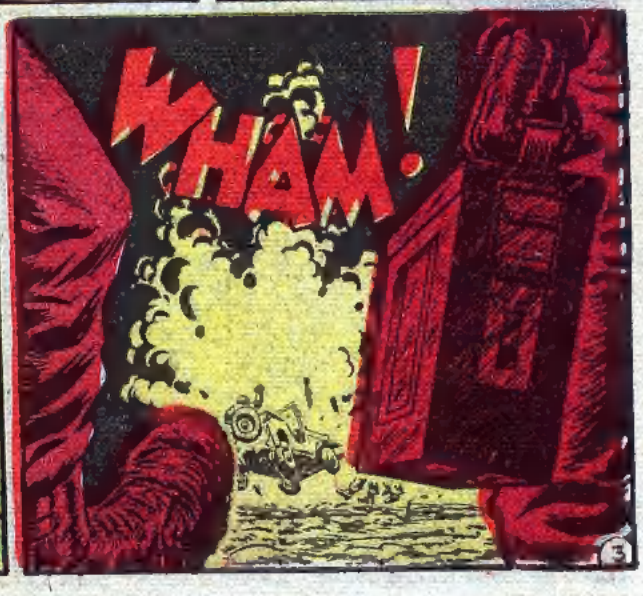
AWWWW... NO, CAPTAIN! I DON'T WANT THAT RATE! YOU KNOW THAT!
HAVE IT YOUR OWN WAY, ED! NOW LET'S GET THAT GUN UP TO THE PHASE LINE!

HOW COME YOU WON'T TAKE A SERGEANT'S RATE, ED? CAN'T YOU USE THE PAY?
AWW, PEEWEE! IT'S A LONG STORY! I BEEN IN THIS MAN'S ARMY A LONG TIME!

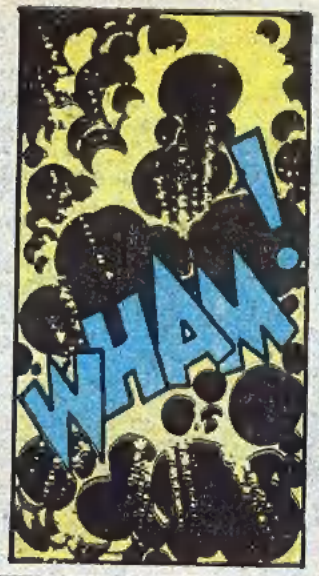
AN' ONE THING I DECIDED... I DON'T WANT NO RESPONSI-BILITIES! LOOKIT HERE! BACK IN THE STATES, THEY WON'T GIVE YOU A RATE CAUSE EVERYBODY GOT ONE, AN' THERE'S HARDLY ANY PRIVATES LEFT!


YOU GET OVER HERE, AN' THERE'S A SHORTAGE OF SERGEANTS CAUSE THEY'RE ALL GETTING KNOCKED OFF! SO YOU GET THREE STRIPES AN' YOU GET RESPONSIBILITIES AN' YOU GET YOUR HEAD KNOCKED OFF! THEN THEY SHIP YOU BACK TO THE STATES WHERE THEY GOT TOO MANY SERGEANTS, AND THEY TAKE YOUR STRIPES BACK AGAIN! YOU CAN KEEP THEM RESPONSIBILITIES!

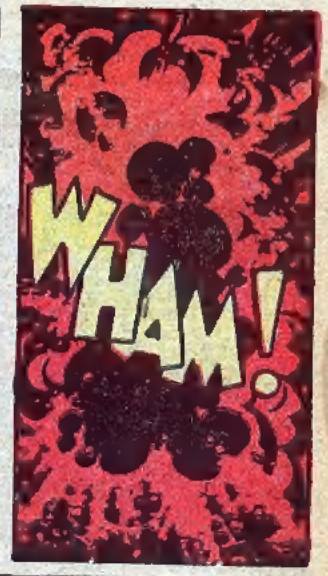
THERE THEY ARE! THE BOYS WITH RESPONSIBILITIES! THE CAPTAIN, THE LOOTENINT, THE SERGINT, AND THE SQUAD LEADERS! LOOKIT 'EM, FIGURIN' AN' FUSSIN'! ALL I GOT TO DO IS PULL A TRIGGER AN'...


WHAM!

THEY DROPPED A MORTAR SHELL RIGHT ON THE CAPTAIN...


WHAM!

DISPERSE!


WHAM!

TO HECK WITH THIS! LET'S GET OUTTA HERE!
HEY!

HEY, YOUNG FELLER! THEY AIN'T NO P.X. THAT WAY! WHERE YOU GOIN'?
WHAM!

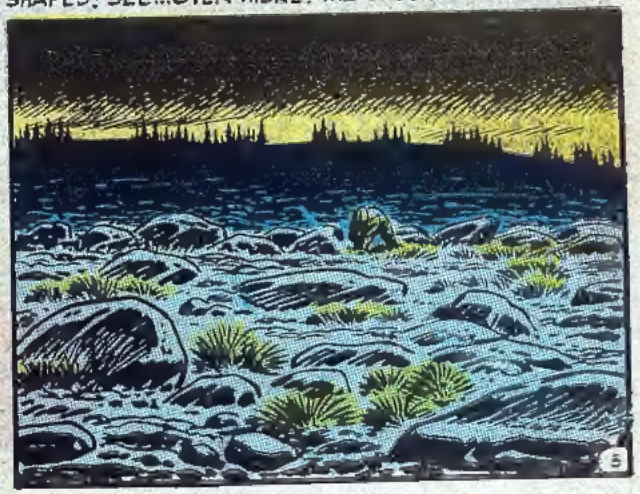
WHERE YOU BOYS HEADIN'? THERE'S BEER ON THE HILL AHEAD OF US!

ED! THAT MORTAR GOT THE C.O., THE LIEUTENANT, AND THE SERGEANTS! THIS PLATOON'LL STAMPEDE IN A MINUTE!
KEEP THE M.G. HERE, PEEWEE! LET'S SEE IF WE CAN GET THESE ROOKIES ORGANIZED!
WHAM!

AWRIGHT! SPREAD THEM B.A.R.'S OUT! LET'S GET AN INTERLOCKING FIRE ACROSS THAT FIELD!
CHIEF

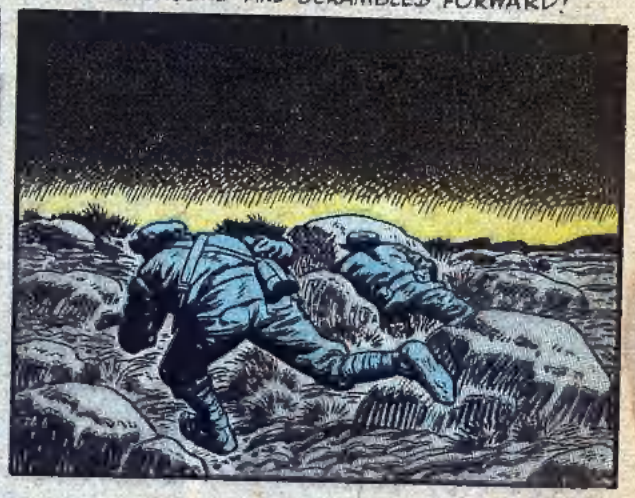
NO, IT DOESN'T LOOK LIKE ANYTHING *IS* OUT THERE! JUST A LITTLE BIT OF MORNING MIST HANGING OVER THE GROUND... A GLINT OF DEW ON THE GRASS!

BUT LOOK AGAIN! LOOK HARD INTO THE DEEP MORNING SHADOWS! LOOK HARD AT THE BROKEN GROUND SHAPES! SEE...OVER THERE! THE GROUND ITSELF MOVES!



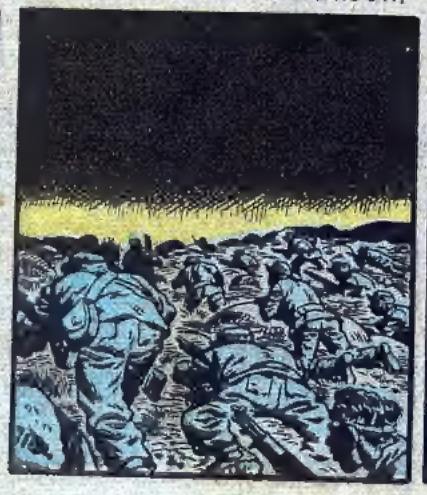
IT IS AS IF THE EARTH ITSELF HAS TAKEN LIFE AND MOVES! A NORTH KOREAN SOLDIER RAISES UP FROM THE GROUND, SCUTTLES FORWARD, AND DROPS!

NO SOONER HAS HE BLENDED BACK INTO THE SHADOWS THAN ANOTHER FIGURE DETACHES ITSELF FROM THE GROUND AND SCRAMBLES FORWARD!



THERE IS ***ANOTHER***, AND STILL ***ANOTHER!*** SUDDENLY YOU REALIZE THAT THEY ***ARE HUNDREDS!***

EVERY ROCK, EVERY SHADOW CONCEALS A NORTH KOREAN SOLDIER... CRAWLING CLOSER TO THE PLATOON!



A RIFLE SHOT SPLITS THE AIR! THE LEAD KOREAN RISES IN AGONY AND FALLS BACKWARDS! THEY ARE DISCOVERED!

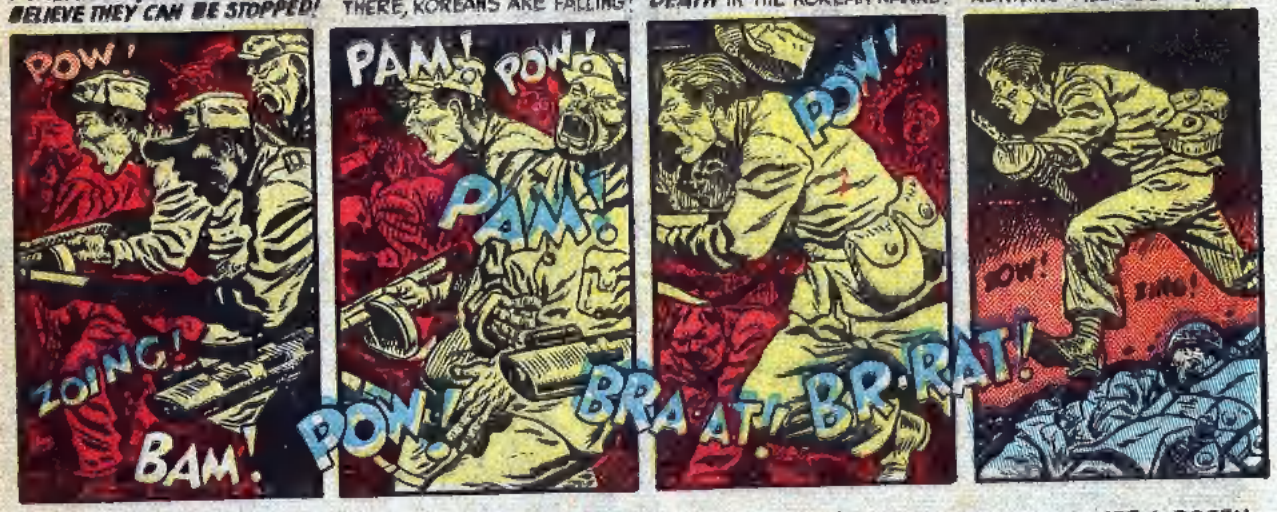
A WHISTLE BLOWS... AND AS A MAN, A HUNDRED NORTH KOREANS RISE UP AND CHARGE!

THEY CHARGE LIKE AN AVALANCHE, AND WHO WOULD BELIEVE THEY CAN BE STOPPED!

BUT THE SOLDIERS OPPOSING THEM ARE CALM! HERE AND THERE, KOREANS ARE FALLING!

NOW THE MACHINE GUNS ARE TEARING WIDE SWATHS OF DEATH IN THE KOREAN RANKS!

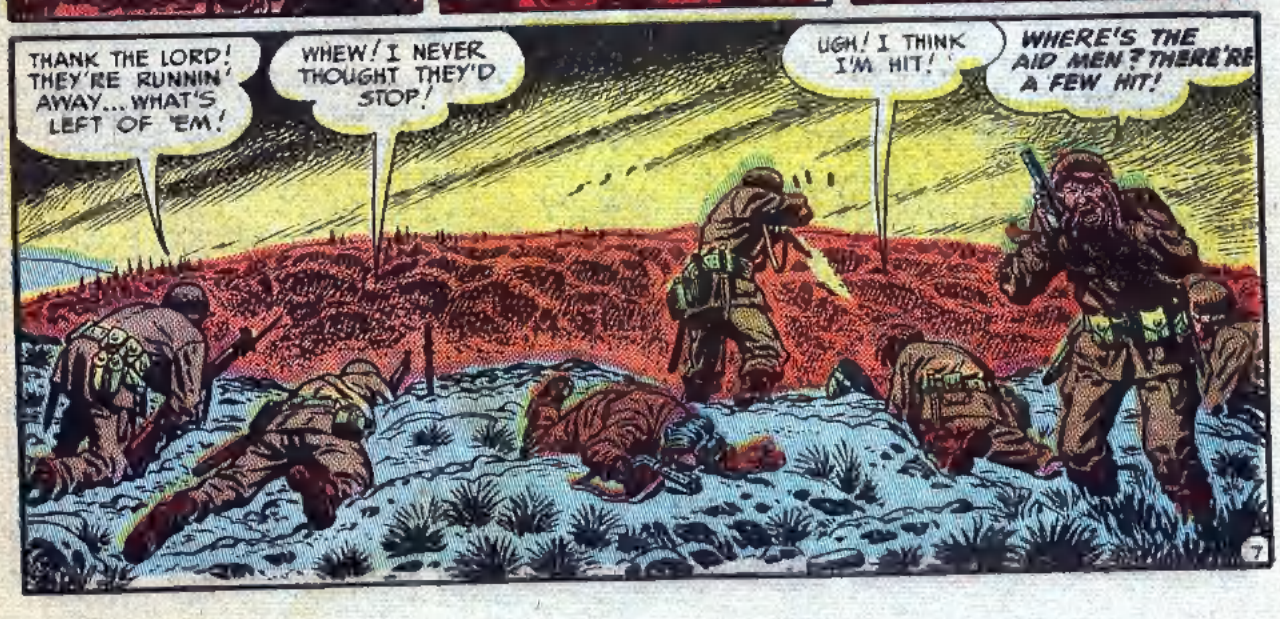
AND NOW ONLY ONE NORTH KOREAN SOLDIER IS LEFT... RUNNING ALL ALONE!



ONE NORTH KOREAN SOLDIER HAS BROKEN THROUGH THE PLATOON... AND THERE IS NOWHERE ELSE TO RUN!

POOR BEWILDERED NORTH KOREAN! AND SUDDENLY HE REALIZES WHY HE IS THERE... BUT IT IS TOO LATE!

BEFORE HE CAN TRIGGER A DOZEN SHOTS FROM HIS SHPASHIN, HE IS DEAD! THE ATTACK IS FINISHED!



HEY ED! ED DALEY!
COME HERE A MINUTE!
WHA... YO! O.K. CAPTAIN?

DALEY! I WATCHED YOU THROUGH THE WHOLE ATTACK! WHY, BOY... IF YOU HADN'T JUMPED IN THERE, THAT WHOLE PLATOON WOULD'VE BROKE! DALEY! I'M PUTTIN' YOU IN FOR A BATTLEFIELD COMMISSION!

AAAW NO, CAPTAIN! I AIN'T GONNA TAKE NO COMMISSION! LET THE 'GUNG-HO' BOYS GET THE COMMISSIONS! YA GET A SECOND LOOEY'S BAR, AND FIRST THING YOU KNOW, YOU'RE LEADIN' A PLATOON UP A HILL! SO YOU SAYS, 'BOYS, WE GOT TO TAKE THAT HILL!'

SO THE BOYS SAYS, 'LOOTENINT! YOU GOT TO SHOW US HOW!' SO, BECAUSE YOU'RE A LOOTENINT, YOU GOT TO SHOW 'EM HOW, AND YOU GET YOUR TAIL KNOCKED OFF!... NOSSIR! I DON'T WANT NO COMMISSION! I JUST DON'T WANT NO RESPONSIBILITIES!

WE'RE LEAVING THE PLATOON NOW, LEAVING THE PHASE LINE, LEAVING THE .30 CALIBER MACHINE GUN!

WE'RE LEAVING ED DALEY, THE GUY WHO DOESN'T WANT ANY WORRIES! WE'RE LEAVING THE FELLOW...

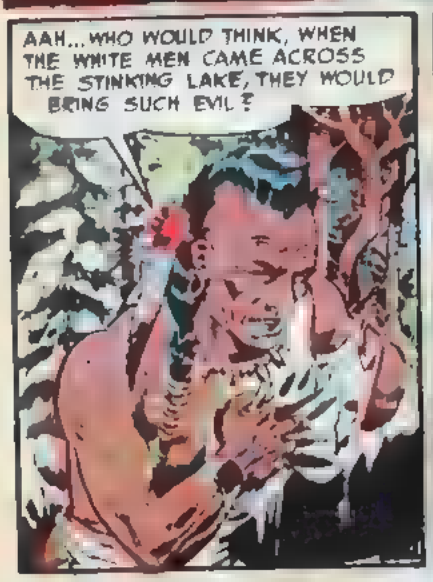
...WHO THINKS HE CAN LIVE WITHOUT ANY RESPONSIBILITIES! NOW, COME ON, ED! WHO ARE YOU KIDDING?
END

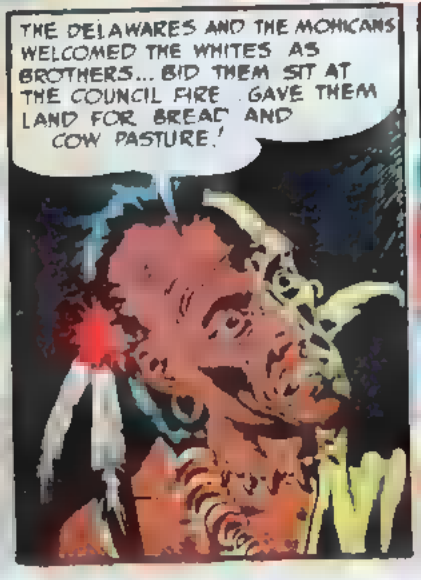
IN THIS, OUR NEXT STORY, THE BRITISH WERE FIGHTING THE AMERICANS FOR HELPING THE FRENCH! MEANWHILE THE AMERICANS WERE FIGHTING THE BRITISH WHO WERE HELPING THE INDIANS! THIS WAS THE WAR THAT EVERYONE FOUGHT AND NOBODY WON... THE HALF-HEARTED WAR/ *THAT* WAS THE...

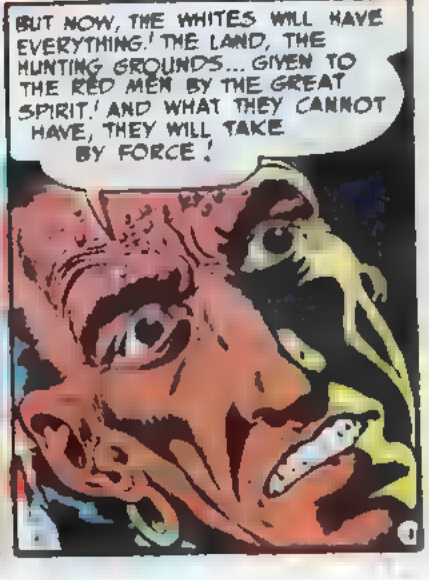
WAR OF 1812!

AH! THE SPIRIT OF BAD FORTUNE HAS VISITED THE RED MEN TODAY!

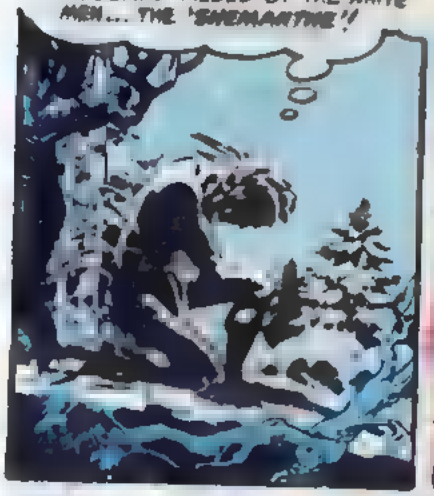
AND KE-WI-EX-KIM'S SPIRIT WILL SOON LEAVE HIS BODY!







AND SO IT IS THAT THIS DAY, OUR TRIBES HAVE BEEN BROKEN INTO A THOUSAND PIECES BY THE WHITE MEN... THE 'SHEMANTHE'!



YES... THE 'SHEMANTHE', THE LONG-KNIVES! THEY CAME, THESE LONG-KNIVES, FROM KENTUCKY!

THEY CAME TO REVENGE THEIR COUSINS AND BROTHERS THAT WE HAD KILLED AND SCALPED IN BATTLE!

THEY CAME, THESE 'SHEMANTHE', FROM THE LAND OF THE BLUE GRASS! THEY CAME WITH MANY THOUSANDS OF WARRIORS, ENOUGH TO COVER THREE MILES OF THE TRAIL! THEY CAME SEEKING US ACROSS THE GREAT LAKE ERIE! THEY CHASED US INTO CANADA! THEY CHASED US WITH BLOOD IN THEIR EYES!

THEY CAME WITH THEIR MUSKETS, LOOKING TO AVENGE OUR VICTORIES AT FORT MIEGS AND THE RAISIN RIVER!

THEY CAME WITH STEEL TOMAHAWKS! IT WAS NOT ENOUGH TO MURDER US WITH WHITE MEN'S WEAPONS!

THESE 'SHEMANTHE'... THEY CAME IN THE RED MAN'S WAY, WITH THE SCALPING KNIVES IN THEIR BELTS!

BUT THE LONG KNIVES *DID NOT FRIGHTEN THE RED MAN!* WE WAITED FOR THEM WITH OUR ENGLISH ALLIES... OUR ENGLISH ALLIES WHO WERE *FRIGHTENED LIKE THE RABBITS!* WE ALL WAITED ABOVE DETROIT! WE WAITED AT THE RIVER THE ENGLISHMEN CALLED THE THAMES! THE AMERICANS WERE TWO TO OUR ONE, BUT WE WAITED!

WE WAITED! *THE ENGLISH RED-COATS!*

...THE MIAMIS!

...THE MINGOES!

...THE WYANDOTS!

...AND THE SHAWNEE! AND LEADING US WAS THE BRAVE THAT HAD LED US TO VICTORY IN THE BATTLES OF PUT-IN BAY AND FORT MIEGS... OUR CHIEF...

...THE GREAT ***TECUMSAH!***

TECUMSAH, THE GREAT CHIEF OF PATIENCE, COMFORTING US WHILE WE LAY WAITING IN THE SWAMP!

TECUMSAH, THE GREAT CHIEF OF SPEECH, TALKING QUIETLY TO US WHILE THE 'LONG-KNIVES' ADVANCED!

TECUMSAH, FOLLOWING THE TRAIL OF PONTIAC, RALLYING THE TRIBES FROM CANADA TO FLORIDA AGAINST THE AMERICANS!

AND WITH TECUMSAH COUNSELLING US, WE FELT THE *CUNNING OF THE FOX!*

AND WITH TECUMSAH DIRECTING US, WE HAD *THE SURENESS OF THE BIG CAT!*

AND WITH TECUMSAH REASSURING US, WE HAD *THE BOLDNESS OF THE EAGLE!*

AND WITH TECUMSAH GIVING US COURAGE, WE HAD *THE STRENGTH OF THE BEAR!*

THE RED MEN WAITED WITH THE ENGLISHMEN FOR THE ARMY OF THE 'LONG-KNIVES'... THE 'SHEMANTHE' FROM KENTUCKY! AND WE HAD NOT LONG TO WAIT! AS THE SUN PASSED OVERHEAD, THE 'LONG KNIVES' CAME *IN GREAT NUMBERS, AS THE SUMMER LEAVES IN THE TREES!* THEY FELL UPON US, *BUT WE HAD NO FEAR!*

A MOMENT, THE ENGLISHMEN, THE RED-COATS, WERE DEFEATED! THE AMERICANS RAN *RIGHT OVER* THE RED-COATS WITH A *GREAT HERD OF HORSES, AND THE RED-COATS RAN!*

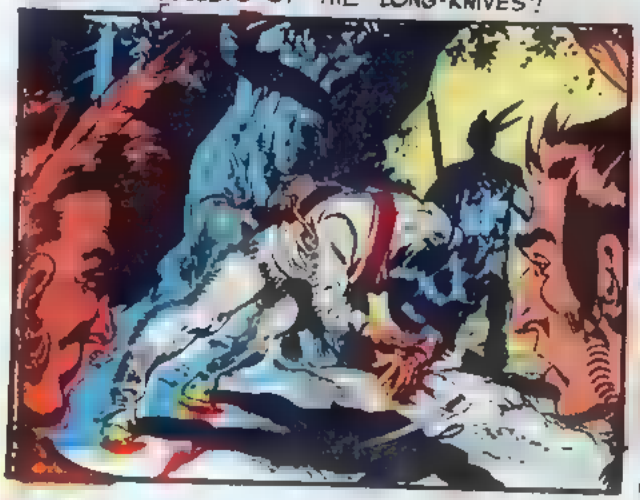
THEY RAN LIKE THE *COYOTE* WITH ITS TAIL BETWEEN ITS LEGS! *AND WITH MY OWN EYES, I SAW THE CHIEF... THE GENERAL OF THE RED-COATS... FLEEING AHEAD OF THEM ALL!*

AND HE HAD REASON TO FLEE, THIS GENERAL... GENERAL PROCTOR! FOR HE WAS KNOWN FOR HIS FORKED TONGUE... AND HE WOULD HAVE SUFFERED A BAD DEATH IF CAPTURED BY THE LONG-KNIVES! AND SO THE ENGLISHMEN LEFT US TO FACE THE 'SHEMANTHE.' BUT WE HAD NO FEAR! *OUR GREAT CHIEF, TECUMSAH, WAS WITH US!*

HE TOUCHED THE SHOULDERS OF THE BRAVES! HE GAVE HIS BROTHERS GENTLE WORDS OF ENCOURAGEMENT! AND SUDDENLY, AT THE HEIGHT OF THE BATTLE...

...A BULLET STRUCK TECUMSAH!

THE GREAT SPIRIT OF MANITOU HAD TURNED HIS BACK ON US! OUR BRAVE CHIEF HAD FALLEN ... ***STRUCK DOWN*** BY BULLETS OF THE 'LONG-KNIVES'!



TECUMSAH, CHIEF OF THE INDIAN LEAGUE, CHIEF OF THE SHAWNEES! ***TECUMSAH***... SON OF METHOATASKE AND PUCKESHINWAU... ***WAS DEAD!***

AND NOW THE WORD SPREAD, LIKE A BRUSH-FIRE THAT IS FANNED BY THE WIND SPIRIT!

'***TECUMSAH IS DEAD!***' UP AND DOWN THE LINE THE WORD ROLLED LIKE THE ROLL OF THE THUNDERCLAP!

'***TECUMSAH IS DEAD!***' THE CRY CHILLED US LIKE THE SNOW-STORM SWEEPING OVER THE TEEPEES!

IN A MOMENT THE STRENGTH OF THE BEAR WAS GONE! THE ***MIAMIS*** RAN!

THE SURENESS OF THE BIG-CAT, THE PUMA, WAS GONE! THE ***MINGOES*** RAN!

THE BOLDNESS OF THE EAGLE WAS FLOWN IN A MOMENT! THE ***WYANDOTS*** RAN!

AND THE CUNNING... ALL SWEPT ASIDE IN AN INSTANT! THE ***SHAWNEES*** RAN!

WE RAN LIKE THE CREATURES OF THE WOODS RUNNING FROM THE BURNING FOREST! FOR WHEN OUR CHIEF LEFT US, OUR HEARTS HAD TURNED TO WATER! THE SPIRIT TO FIGHT HAD LEFT US, AND NOW WE RAN ACROSS THE SWAMP, TOWARD THE FOREST, AWAY FROM THE KENTUCKY 'LONG KNIVES'!

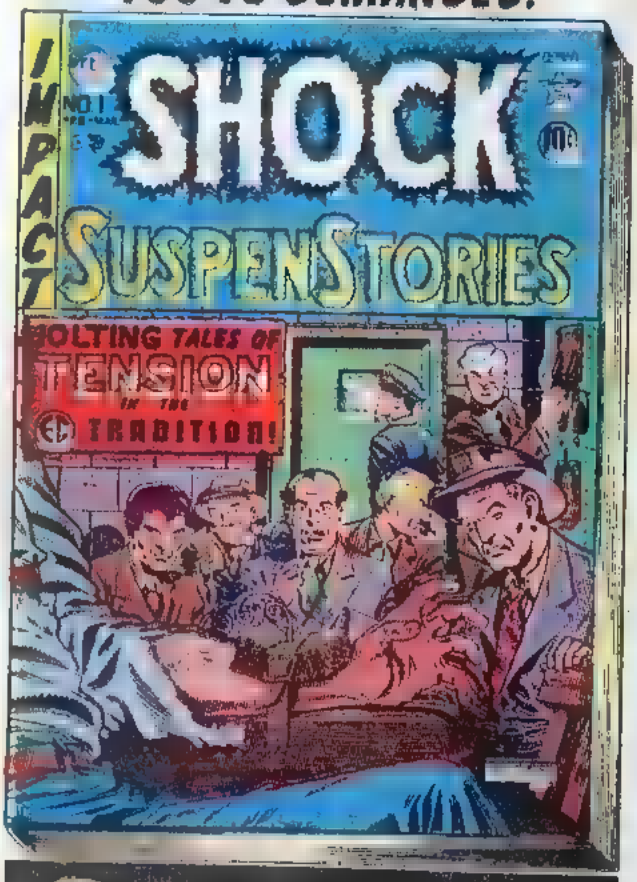
BUT WHEN THE HUNTER HAS A STEADY HAND AND A SURE EYE, THE DEER DOES NO GOOD TO TRY AND RACE AWAY FROM THE PURSUING ARROW!

SO IT WAS WITH KE-WI-EX-KIM WHEN I TRIED TO RUN FROM THE KENTUCKY HUNTING RIFLES! THE MUSKET-BALL STUNG LIKE THE HORNET'S TAIL!

E.C. FANS!

YOU'VE WRITTEN!
YOU'VE TELEGRAPHED!
YOU'VE PHONED!
YOU'VE THREATENED US!

SO HERE IT IS! THE MAGAZINE
YOU'VE DEMANDED!



ANOTHER
"NEW TREND"
SURE-FIRE WINNER!
AN ENTERTAINING EC COMIC

ON SALE NOW
AT ALL NEWSSTANDS!

FATE

Our plane had left England four hours before dawn. Its pugnacious nose was pointed in the direction of Hitler's backyard, the outskirts of Berlin!

I sat rigidly in the dark as though welded to the plane's interior. I let my chin sag into the cupped strap of my flight helmet. My arms were crossed over the spare chute attached to my chest. All my muscles were wound tight. I even had difficulty in rolling my eyeballs! I wondered if my legs would function when the time came to jump.

Seated across from me were the other two agents of my espionage team, Norman Williams and David Bentley. The three of us had been carefully picked and secretly trained for this dangerous assignment. We would bail out in the vicinity of a German farmhouse where we had "friends", Bentley would set up his wireless to maintain contact with G-2, and Williams and I would carry on undercover work in Berlin in civilian garb. We had been supplied with forged credentials . . . and incendiary pencils. Our own safety and the success of our mission weighed heavily on my mind.

Williams' calm, religious-sounding voice came to me through the drone of the motors. "*Vincit qui se vincit!* . . . he conquers who conquers himself!", he smiled warmly. He knew I was scared and filled with wild imaginings. I envied his cool manner and his ability to keep his senses during an emergency. No wonder he was the only spy to return from the last mission! The Gestapo had dealt with the other four.

"I can't figure you, Norm! How did a man of your background and culture choose to be a spy? You should be teaching young scholars to conjugate Latin verbs at Oxford!"

"Ah! It is a consoling thought to be taken

for a professor rather than for a secret agent! However, I would rather *shape* History than teach it! I derive great satisfaction in outwitting the enemy and undermining his efforts. For in doing so, I am more than one man. I am a master linguist! I am an accomplished actor! I have the power to topple an empire! I am the hidden terror within the Trojan horse! In this ancient profession, the price of capture is death! Sometimes the only reward is life and freedom!"

"You're sure a cool one! The butterflies in your stomach must have courage too! But you must be afraid of making one false move . . . just ONE mistake! That's all it takes in this business!"

Bentley scissored a cigarette in the corner of his mouth and remained silent.

"Most of our fears never materialize. Fate has a way of dispelling them! We alone are responsible for our own downfall! In an old Hindu parable, a terrified dove spoke to her husband: 'Our death-hour is at hand! Below there stands a hunter with his bow; above us hovers a falcon. But a snake bit the hunter, whose arrow pierced the falcon, and both forthwith departed to Yama's dwelling.' Such are the workings of Fate, my lad! No need to worry—we'll make our rendezvous all right!"

* * * * *

Most of my tension had left me when the pilot gave the signal and I bailed out after Bentley. Norm was last. I landed in a small clearing and was burying my chute and flying togs when Bentley joined me. We figured Williams had drifted east, so we went to join him. When we found him, he was swinging limply from a tree like a wayward scarecrow. His chute had fouled in the upper branches. He had died instantly of a broken neck!

Before we buried him, I unbuckled his harness and flying suit to try for any feeble heartbeat. I didn't want to run the chance of burying him alive! That was when I found the Luger pistol strapped to his leg. There were also hidden credentials identifying him as a member of the German Secret Services . . . *one of S.S. Lt. Col. Otto Skorzeny's élite operatives!*

And now he had departed forthwith to Yama's dwelling! Such are the workings of Fate!

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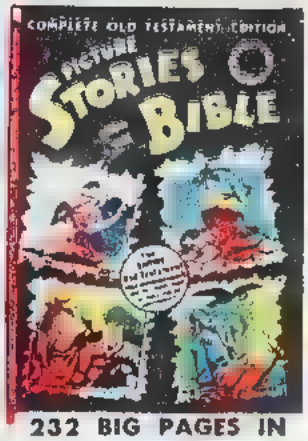

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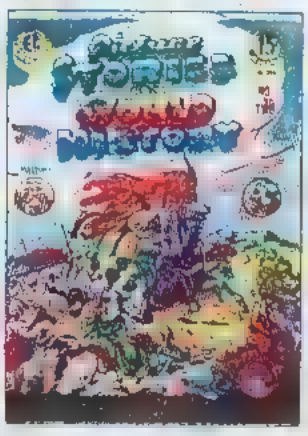

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FRONT LINES

Dear Editors,

I read the small print on the last page of Frontline Combat No. 4, which contained some of the lyrics of an Ajax Cleanser singing commercial! I don't quite understand its meaning or what it was put there for!

Pfc. Ray Pantalena
Lowry Field, Colo.

Tell me, just out of utter curiosity, where Homer, the writer of the Iliad and the Odyssey, got hold of that incoherent mumbo-jumbo about Ajax Cleanser!

Ronald Pering
Billings, Mont.

Does the famous Odyssey really contain the words, "Ajax, the foaming cleanser"?

Vic Fera
Ellwood City, Pa.

Why the heck Ajax, the Foaming Cleanser ...?

Jerry Morgan
Maplewood, N.J

Somebody has doodled the Ajax radio commercial jingle ...

Dan Walleck
N.Y.C

The above represents but a small part of the mail that has been pouring into our office since the publication of *BOMB RUN!* We are *VERY* embarrassed! It all started as a private joke between the artist and your abashed editors, but through a clumsy oversight on our part ... the art was passed along to the engraver "un-purged"! We are *doubly* embarrassed because we feel that the wind-up to *BOMB RUN* was an especially poor spot for any undue frivolity! At this late date, the only thing we can do is to humbly offer our red-faced apologies to all our readers! —ed.

Dear Editors,

The story, **LIGHT BRIGADE**, *was absolutely priceless!*

J. Jonborgzinner
(no address given)

Wood's **LIGHT BRIGADE** *was excellent!*

Martin L. Burns
Totowa Boro, N.J.

I liked "Light Brigade"...

John Plaks
N.Y.C.

By all means continue such stories as the Light Brigade ...

John Brown
Cleveland, Ohio

I thought "Light Brigade" really stunk!

Roger Curtis
St. Paul, Minn

Which just goes to prove the old saying "You can't please everybody!" —ed.

The next artist to be featured in the E.C. biography series will be Jack Davis, in TALES FROM THE CRYPT No. 29, on sale late in January. A subscription to any E.C. mag costs 75c for one year ... six issues! Please keep those letters and story suggestions coming! They aid us immeasurably in preparing the kind of mag you want to read! The address for mail or subscriptions is:

The Editors
Frontline Combat
Room 706, Dept. 6
225 Lafayette St.
N.Y.C. 12, N.Y.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION, REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233) of FRONTLINE COMBAT published Bi-monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1951.

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Tiny Tot Comics Inc., 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y., Editor, Harvey Kurtzman, 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y., Managing Editor, William M. Gaines, 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y.; Business manager, Frank D. Lee, 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Tiny Tot Comics Inc., 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y. Wm. M. Gaines, 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y. J. K. Gaines, 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y. V. E. MacAdie, 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding one percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

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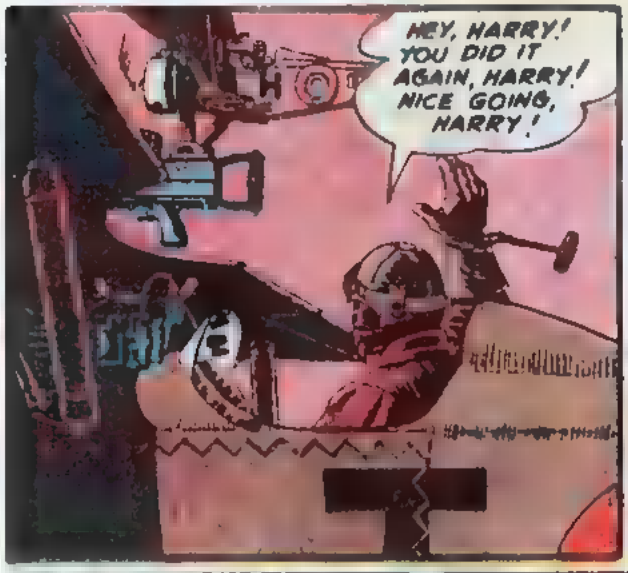
5. The average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the 12 months preceding the date shown above was: (This information is required from daily, weekly, semiweekly, and triweekly newspapers only.)

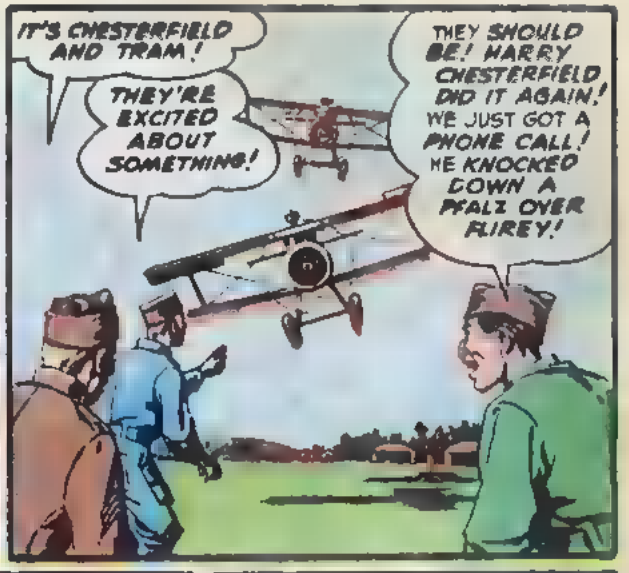
(Signed) FRANK D. LEE, Business Manager.

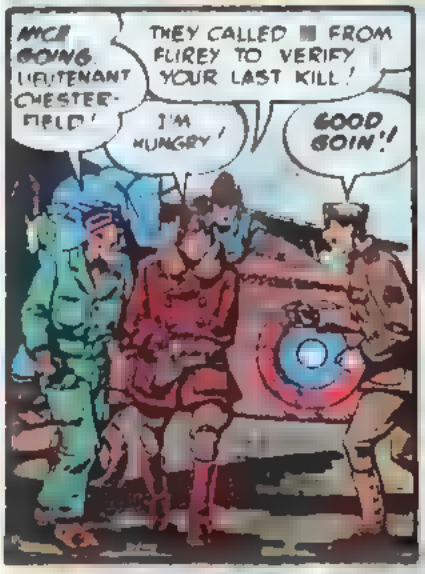
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 6th day of September, 1951.

[SEAL] Ettore De Stefano, Notary Public. (My commission expires March 30, 1953.)

MONDAY! JUNE, 1918! WORLD WAR I, WHEN THE SKIES OVER FRANCE WERE FILLED WITH FLYING ORANGE CRATES THAT WERE CALLED AIRCRAFT! ON A MONDAY, A YOUNG AMERICAN LIEUTENANT FLYING A FRENCH NIEUPORT WAS KILLING HIS THIRD GERMAN PILOT! TWO MORE KILLS, AND THE AMERICAN WOULD BE AN ...,
ACE!
SEVERIN
A NEAT ROW OF BULLETS HAD INTERSECTED THE COCKPIT OF THE PFALZ AND THE GERMAN WAS QUITE DEAD!
NOW, HE SLUMPED FORWARD AGAINST THE STICK, NOSING HIS PFALZ OVER INTO A SLOW DIVE!
THE TWO NIEUPORTS LAZILY WRAGED ABOUT THE FALLING PLANE, WATCHING IT GO DOWN, DOWN, DOWN!
1

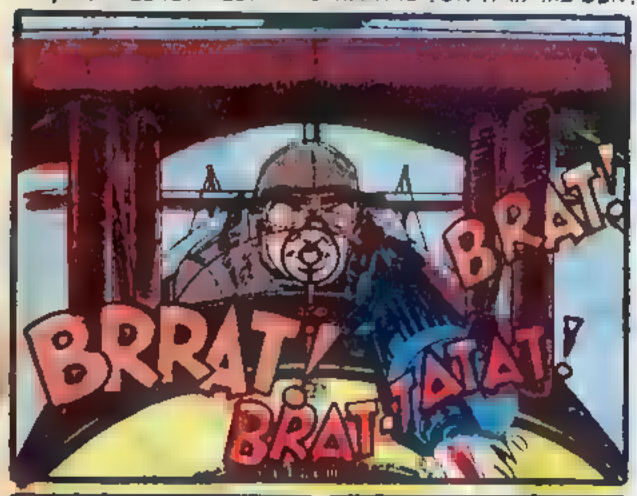


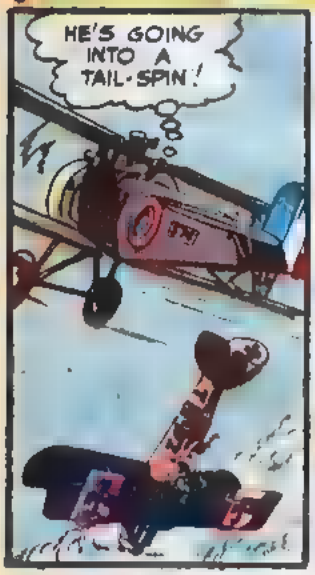


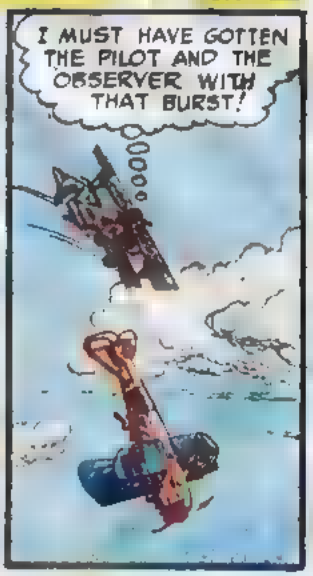


THE MERRY YOUNG PILOTS! THE GLAMOUROUS PILOTS, GATHERED ABOUT THE DINNER TABLE, EXCITEDLY DISCUSSING THEIR VICTORIES... FOR THOSE WERE THE DAYS WHEN AIRPLANES WERE LIKE SAILING SHIPS, AND FIGHTING WAS A CONTEST, AND THE PILOTS WERE THE CHAMPIONS OF OLD, SITTING MERRILY ABOUT THE ROUND TABLE!

TUESDAY! THIS MORNING, A GERMAN PHOTO-PLANE, A RUMPLER, WAS MAKING ITS DAILY RUN! AND THIS MORNING, LT. CHESTERFIELD WAS WAITING FOR IT IN THE SUN!

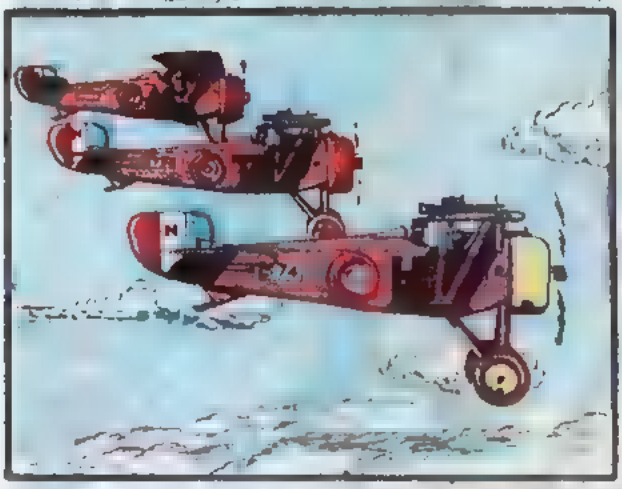


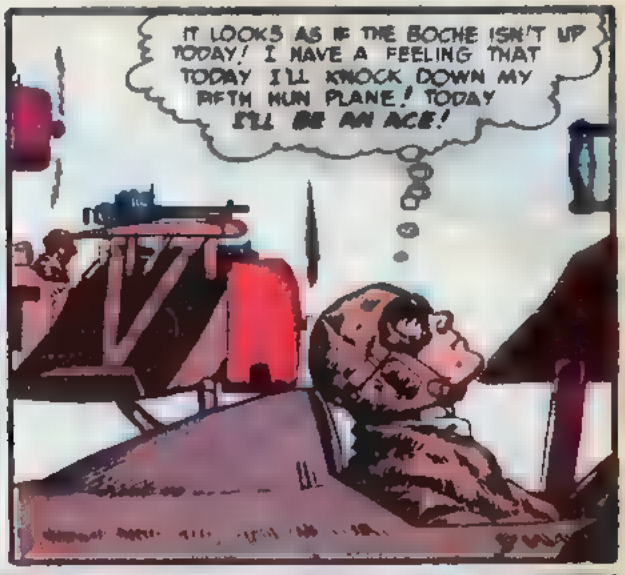


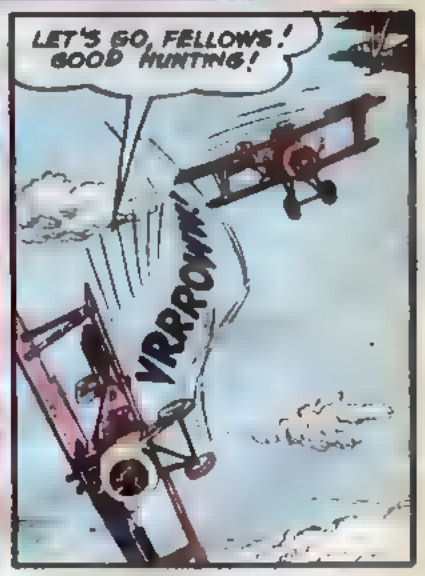


THE MERRY YOUNG PILOTS! THE COLORFUL PILOTS... THERE IN THE MESS HALL! DRESSED IN THEIR BOOTS AND THEIR BREECHES AND TUNICS! FOR THOSE WERE THE DAYS OF THE KNIGHTS OF THE SKY, THE FLYING CIRCUS, AND THE GENTLEMAN'S CODE OF THE AIR! AND SO THE MERRY PILOTS ATE AND TOLD THEIR ADVENTURES!

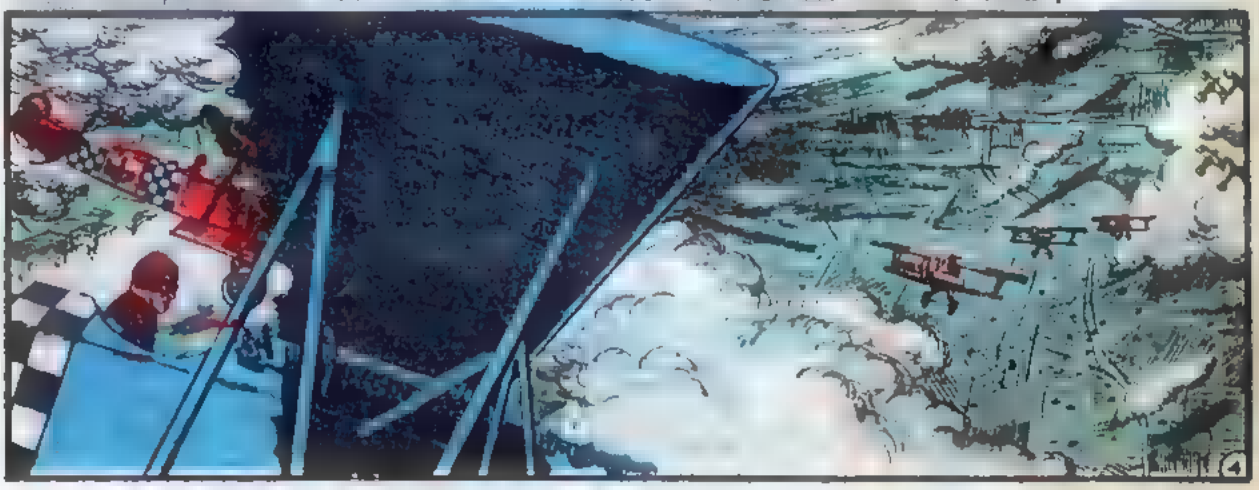
WEDNESDAY! THREE NIEUPORTS FLEW AT 18,000 FEET, PATROLLING THE ST. MIHEIL, PONT-A-MOUSSON FRONT! IN THE LEAD, LT. CHESTERFIELD SCANNED THE SKY!



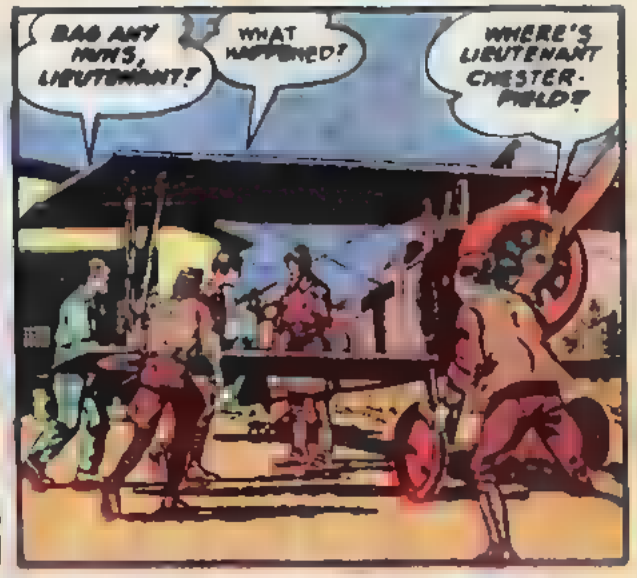




THE PILOTS! THE MERRY YOUNG PILOTS! THEY GRACEFULLY DIP THEIR LEFT WINGS! LIKE EAGLES, THEY SLIP OFF TO THE LEFT AND SWOOP INTO A DIVE! THE HUNT IS ON! THE KILL IS NEAR! AND HIGH ABOVE THEM, A GERMAN PILOT WATCHES THE AMERICAN EAGLES FLY INTO HIS TRAP!



THE GERMAN'S HAVEN'T SEEN US YET!
IT WILL BE LIKE SHOOTING FISH IN A BARREL!
IT SEEMS AS IF THEY ARE JUST WAITING TO BE SHOT!
NOW... A LITTLE MORE LEFT RUDDER! AHH!
VRRRRRRRREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE
BRAT-TA-TAT
TA-TAT
TAT
I HIT HIM RIGHT IN THE BACK OF HIS HEAD! MY FIFTH KILL! I'M AN ACE!
AS SOON AS I GET THAT ONE CONFIRMED... I'LL BE...
HEY...
FOUR FOKKERS ABOVE US! IT WAS A TRAP!
THE ALBATROS WE WENT AFTER WERE DECOYS! I...
UGH!
VRREEEEEEEE

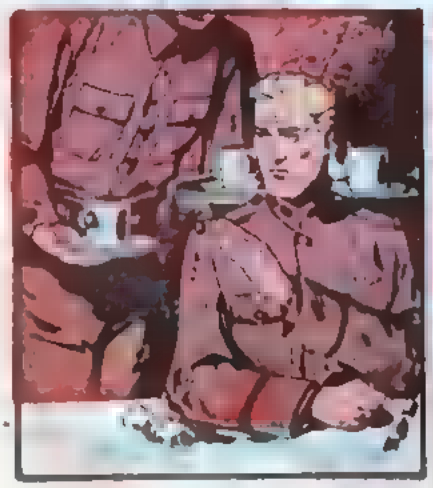


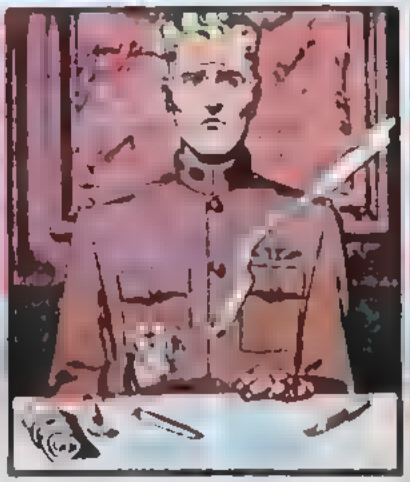
THE PILOTS! THE MERRY, MERRY PILOTS! GATHERED IN THE MESS HALL, TELLING OF THEIR EXPLOITS! FOR FLYING THEN WAS ADVENTURE! FLYING WAS FOR GENTLEMEN! FLYING WAS THE CHASE! AND AFTER THE SPORT WAS OVER, THERE WAS THE THRILL OF THE DESCRIPTION — RECOUNTING THE ADVENTURE!

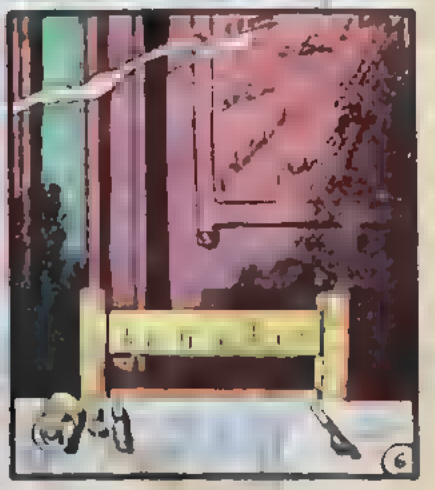
BUT SOMETHING WAS MISSING HERE! PERHAPS IT WAS THE *SMILES*! TODAY SOME *SMILES* WERE MISSING!

SOMETHING... *SOMETHING* WAS MISSING! PERHAPS IT WAS THE MERRY *TALK*! YES! TODAY SOME *TALK* WAS MISSING!

BUT IT WAS *SOMETHING ELSE*! IT WAS A *LIFE*! IT WAS A *MAN*... THE OCCUPANT OF LT. CHESTERFIELD'S CHAIR!





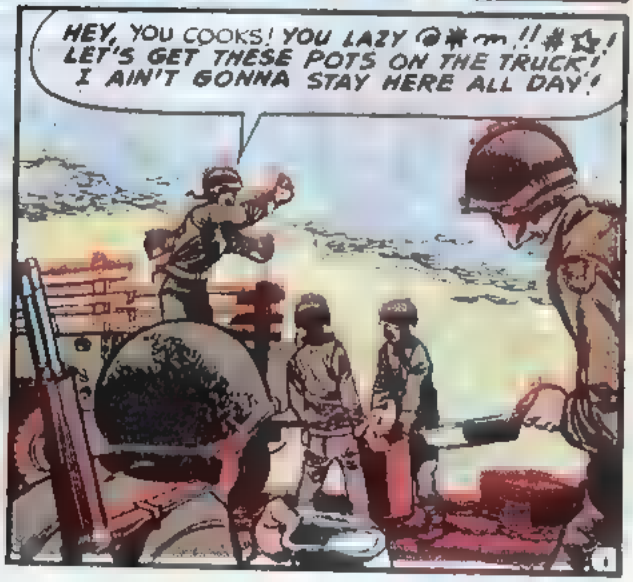


THIS STORY TAKES PLACE IN KOREA ALL RIGHT, BUT LET US WARN YOU! OUR CENTRAL CHARACTER WON'T BE A MUD-STAINED RIFLEMAN, OR A GRIM-FACED JET PILOT! NO, WE'RE NOT GOING TO DWELL ON THE GLORY BOYS! OUR STORY IS ABOUT THE FELLOW YOU DON'T HEAR MUCH ABOUT! THE ARMY COOK... THE...

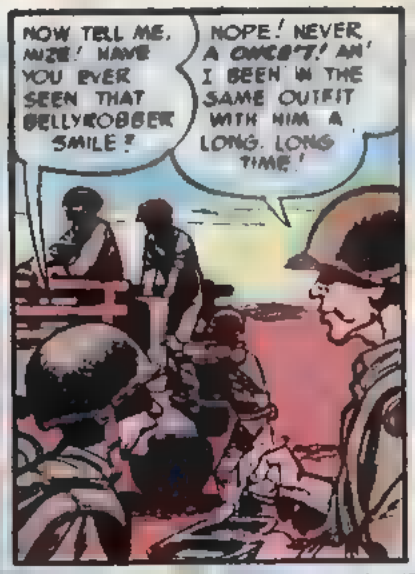
BELLYROBBER!

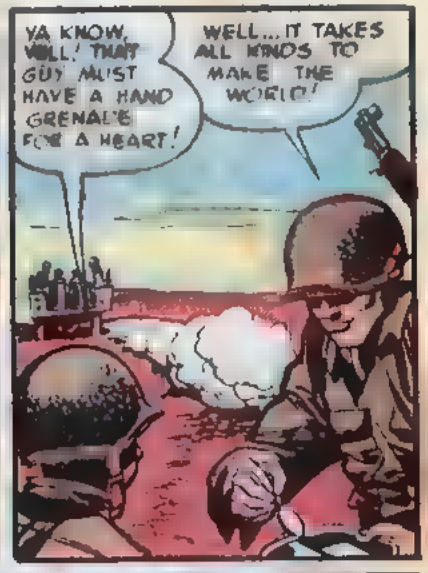
COOKS! WHERE ARE THEM @✱m #?✩m!! COOKS! LET'S GO!

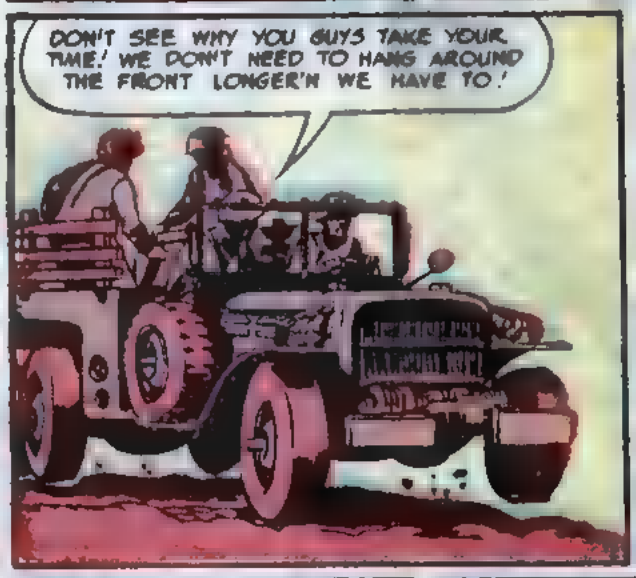
LET'S GET THIS SHOW ON THE ROAD!



GET THE LEAD OUT, YOU DUMB @*#~!!
LISTEN TO BELLYROBBER BOON! THAT GUY'S THE GRIPIEST MESS SERGEANT IN KOREA!


NOW TELL ME, MIZE! HAVE YOU EVER SEEN THAT BELLYROBBER SMILE?
NOPE! NEVER A ONCE'T! AN' I BEEN IN THE SAME OUTFIT WITH HIM A LONG, LONG TIME!


YA KNOW, WILL! THAT GUY MUST HAVE A HAND GRENADE FOR A HEART!
WELL... IT TAKES ALL KINDS TO MAKE THE WORLD!


DON'T SEE WHY YOU GUYS TAKE YOUR TIME! WE DON'T NEED TO HANG AROUND THE FRONT LONGER'N WE HAVE TO!

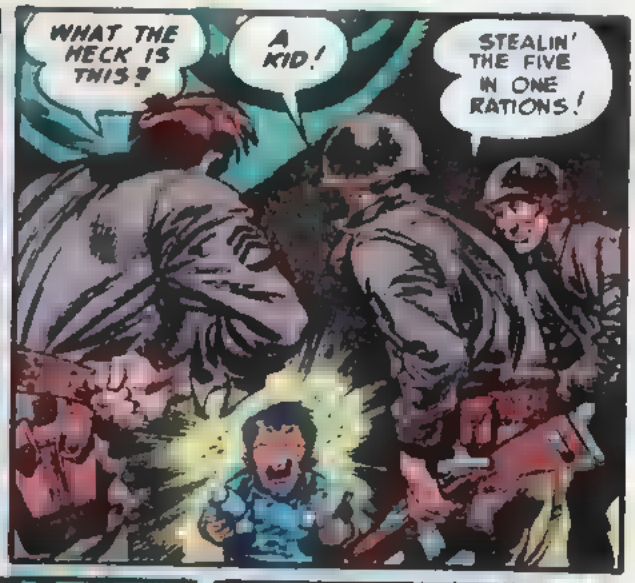
HEY! LOOK IN THE MESS TENT!
SOMEONE'S FOOLIN' AROUND IN THERE! GET YER GUNS READY! IT MIGHT BE SOME OF THEM INFILTRATING NORTH KOREANS!

COVER ME! I'LL FIX ANY O' THEM @☆~!!*#~ FOOLIN' AROUND MY KITCHEN!

ALL RIGHT! COME ON OUT, YUH @☆*~!!~! COME ON OUT 'ER I'LL COME IN AFTER YUH!

WAAH!

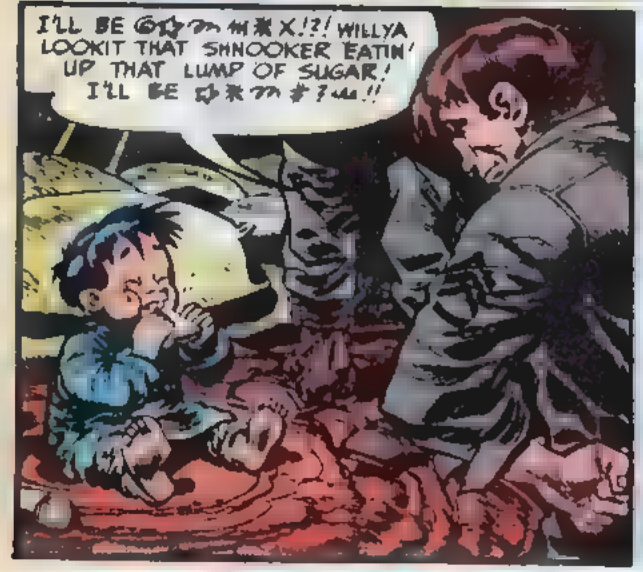
WAAH!

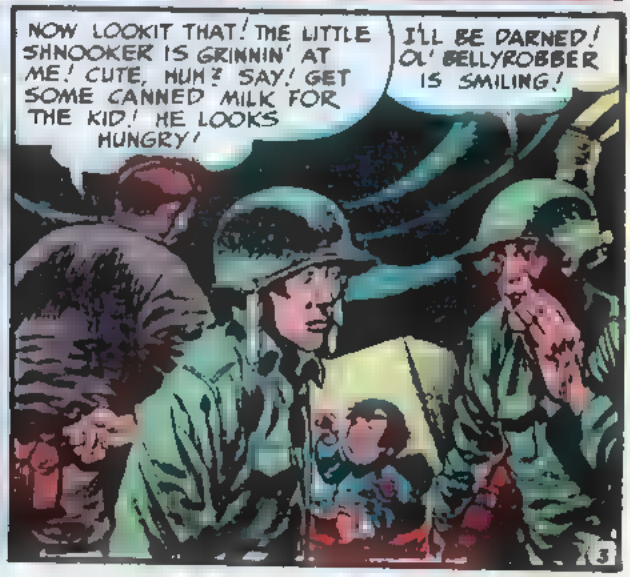

WHAT THE HECK IS THIS?
A KID!
STEALIN' THE FIVE IN ONE RATIONS!

THAT LITTLE SHNOOKER! STEALIN' MY RATIONS! I'LL BE @☆%?#!!
I'LL GET RID OF HIM, SARGE!

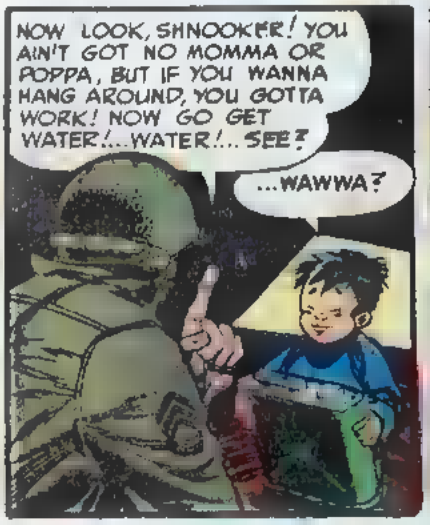
WAIT A MINUTE!

MAYBE THIS'LL SHUT 'IM UP!
HERE, KID! HAVE A LUMP OF SUGAR!
SNIF!


I'LL BE @☆%#*X!?! WILLYA LOOKIT THAT SHNOOKER EATIN' UP THAT LUMP OF SUGAR! I'LL BE ☆*%#?!!


NOW LOOKIT THAT! THE LITTLE SHNOOKER IS GRINNIN' AT ME! CUTE, HUH? SAY! GET SOME CANNED MILK FOR THE KID! HE LOOKS HUNGRY!
I'LL BE DARNED! OL' BELLYROBBER IS SMILING!

THAT WEEK...



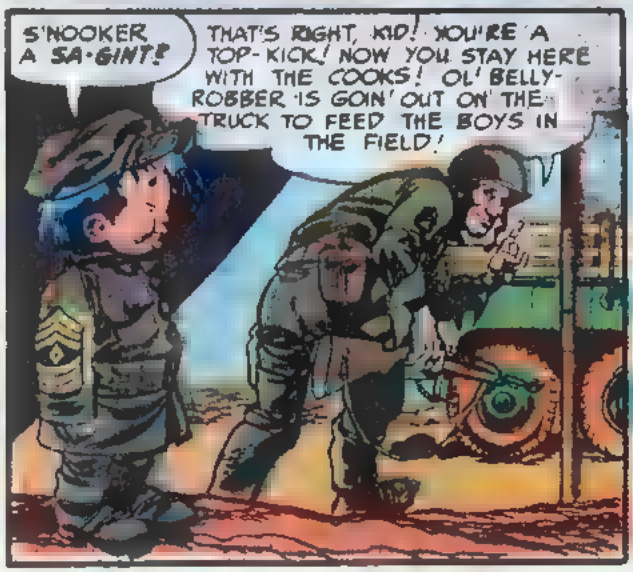
THE WEEK AFTER...

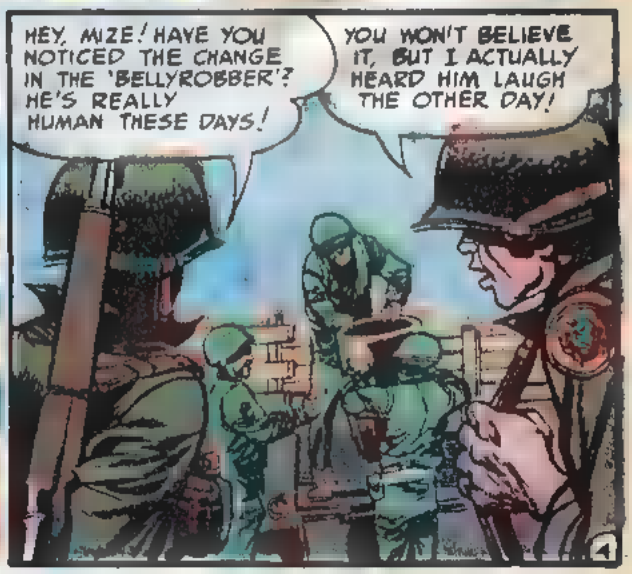
AND THE NEXT WEEK...

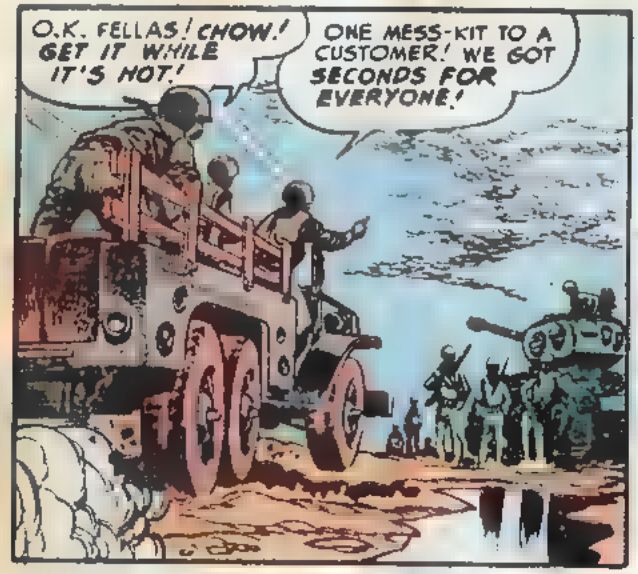
AND THE NEXT...

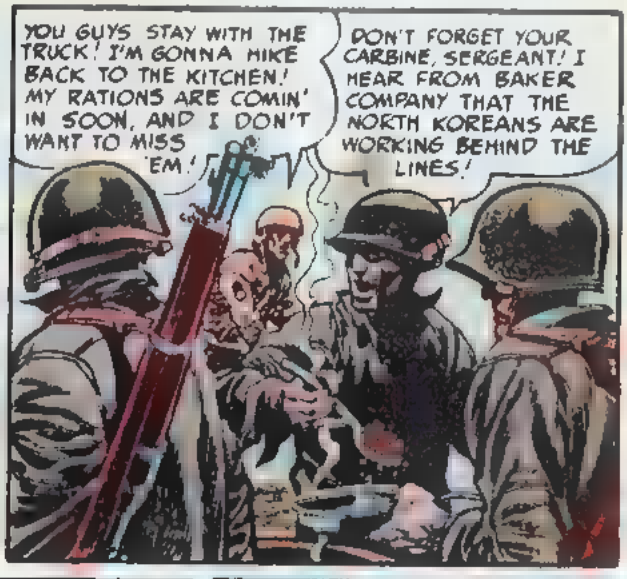
AND THE NEXT...

AND THE NEXT...






O.K. FELLAS! CHOW! GET IT WHILE IT'S HOT!
ONE MESS-KIT TO A CUSTOMER! WE GOT SECONDS FOR EVERYONE!


YOU GUYS STAY WITH THE TRUCK! I'M GONNA HIKE BACK TO THE KITCHEN! MY RATIONS ARE COMIN' IN SOON, AND I DON'T WANT TO MISS 'EM!
DON'T FORGET YOUR CARBINE, SERGEANT! I HEAR FROM BAKER COMPANY THAT THE NORTH KOREANS ARE WORKING BEHIND THE LINES!

WHEW! IT'S A LONGER HIKE BACK THEN I THOUGHT! I HOPE I DIDN'T MISS THE RATIONS TRUCK! DON'T SEE IT BY THE KITCHEN!

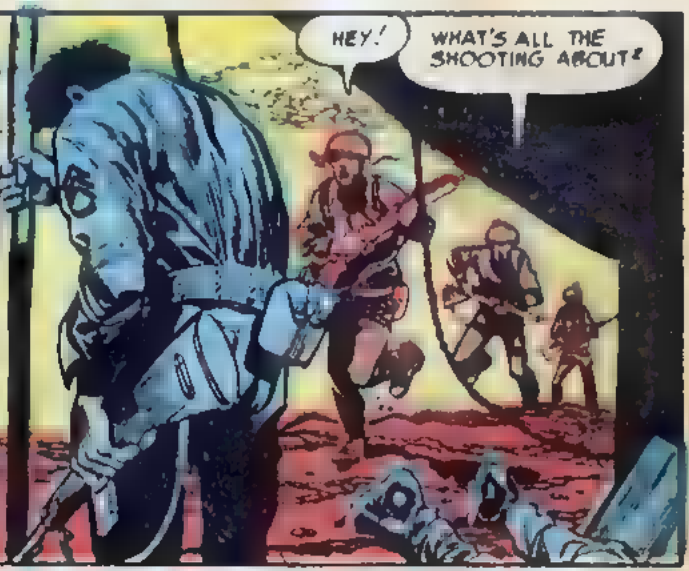
WHAT THE HECK ARE THEM CIVILIANS HANGING AROUND THE MESS TENT FOR? HOPE NOTHING...

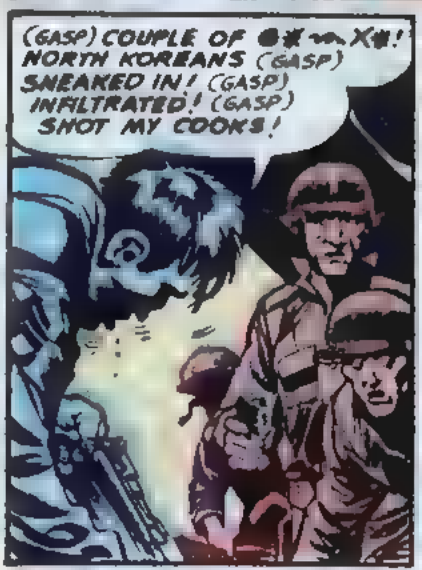
SHOTS!
BUDDA BAM
BAM
BAM
BUDA
BLAM

WHAT DID YOU DO?

BRAMMM
BRRAMMM

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, SERGEANT?
WHAT HAPPENED?

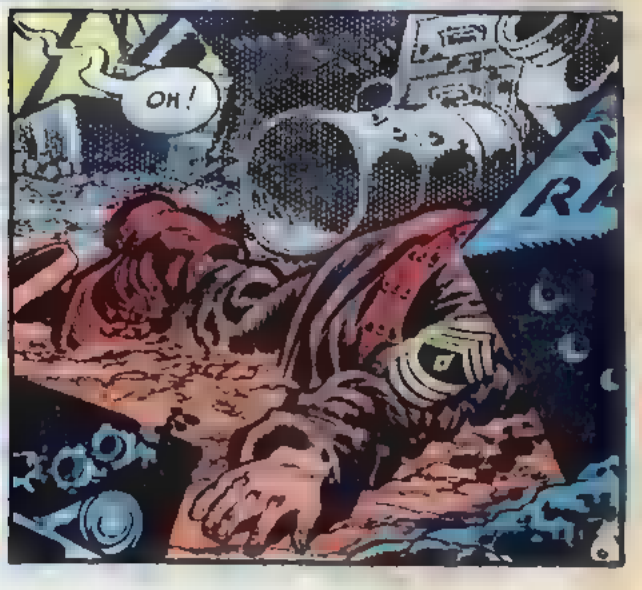

HEY!
WHAT'S ALL THE SHOOTING ABOUT?


(GASP) COUPLE OF ●✱ ~ X✱! NORTH KOREANS (GASP) SNEAKED IN! (GASP) INFILTRATED! (GASP) SHOT MY COOKS!

I GOT 'EM! (GASP) GOT THE DIRTY ~ ✱!!✱ ~ ✱!!~ (GASP) GOT 'EM COLD! (GASP) KILLED 'EM ALL!

WE'LL GET THE COOKS TO THE AID TENT! YOU ALL RIGHT, SERGEANT? ANY OTHER MEN HIT?

JUST ONE MORE MAN! (GASP) NOT MUCH OF A MAN! (GASP) JUST A LITTLE HALF-PINT OF A MAN! (GASP) JUST A LITTLE SHNOOKER! (GASP)


OH!

THE SMILE WRINKLES ARE GONE FROM THE FACE, AND THE HARD GLINT OF OLD HAS RETURNED TO THE EYES! AND THAT'S OUR STORY, THE STORY OF THE 'BELLYROBBER'!

WANTED:

THOUSANDS OF TV TECHNICIANS

There's a good job waiting for you as a television technician. Here's why: Over six million television receivers were built during 1950 alone. Thousands of technicians are needed to repair and maintain these sets and other millions in operation. *Learn television servicing at home in spare time.* Note below the many outstanding features offered by famous C.T.I.

LEARN TELEVISION AT HOME

Get into America's Fastest Growing Field!

Those who "grow up" with a fast-moving industry are more likely to enjoy greater income and more security. Get into television now — start on the ground floor — *while opportunities are at their peak.* Remember, too, that you can begin your future in a manufacturing plant, with a TV dealer, or better still —

Open a Shop of Your Own

It's easy to start in business if you know television! You will have most of your major testing instruments by the time you graduate. Your basement or garage can become your first shop. Later, you can expand — perhaps eventually secure dealership franchises. The alert and aggressive technician never suffers from lack of opportunity!

ACT TODAY—GET THE FACTS

C.T.I. has prepared an expensive booklet which you can have FREE. *Your copy is waiting.* It explains how you can train yourself in months — *at home in spare time* — for a splendid job in television — or for a shop of your own. It points out the many advantages of C.T.I. training—proves that you can learn television faster and more thoroughly through our teaching method and with kits and television parts we send. You owe it to yourself to get the facts. *Mail coupon today!*

5 BIG REASONS WHY C. T. I. TRAINING IS BETTER:

1. YOU BUILD A 12 OR 16-INCH TELEVISION SET

We provide all parts—and *you keep the receiver* to use and enjoy. You build this set *as you train*—not after you complete course. All parts are high quality — and will assemble into a fine instrument.

2. YOU GET 20 BIG KITS; BUILD TEST INSTRUMENTS

You get 20 big kits — complete with assembly instructions (in addition to your regular lessons). We repeat: *You get 20 kits, not just 8 or 10!* You actually build your own testing instruments—which you use later as a technician. *One of the kits assembles into a valuable signal generator,* which enables you to receive a TV signal in remote areas not serviced by TV stations.

3. YOU TRAIN FOR TELEVISION—NOT JUST RADIO

This is not a radio course with a few chapters on television added! *The C.T.I. course is on television from the first lesson.* You get exclusive Photogramic lessons — which illustrate every part — every step.

4. YOU GET SHOP-PROVED TRAINING

The entire course is based on teaching principles developed and tested in our great resident school and shops in Chicago. Upon graduation, *you are entitled to two weeks of special instruction in these shops.*

5. YOU GET INSTRUCTION FOR 5 YEARS

Your training is kept up to date—will not become obsolete — because C.T.I. warrants it will send you instruction material on any new developments, such as color television, screen projection or third dimensional pictures, for 5 years.

Mail Coupon for Valuable Free Booklet!

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Send your valuable FREE booklet, just off the press, on my opportunities in the field I have checked below:

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- ☐ Mechanical Drafting
- ☐ Building Construction
- ☐ Foremanship
- ☐ Factory Management
- ☐ Auto Mechanics
- ☐ Body-Fender Repair
- ☐ Diesel Mechanics
- ☐ Upholstering
- ☐ Refrigeration
- ☐ High School

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Tiny Midget Camera TAKES SECRET PICTURES

- Fits in palm of hand
- Only 2 x 3 inches
- Easy to use!
- Takes dandy pictures!

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Multi-Purpose Watch

Times Racer! Times Sports!

Times Autos & Horses!

Times Planes! Times Shopwork!

What a wrist watch! It's simply amazing! It's a 4-IN-1 stop watch and chronograph COMBINED. Precision made by Swiss artisans.

11 — Wonder Features — 11

It's a tachometer, telemeter, DOUBLE PUSH BUTTON STOP WATCH. Measures speed as well as DISTANCES of horse and auto races, sports, planes, boats, etc. Actually has SPLIT-SECOND calibrations, unbreakable crystal, sweep second hand, rich looking case that withstands long and hard usage! Everyone wants one! Students, soldiers, engineers, sailors, aviators, race fans, sportsman, photographers, and all men of action! A wonderful timekeeper — the watch that is different! Full instructions given. UNLIMITED GUARANTEE CERTIFICATE exclusive of parts with every watch. Never a charge for skilled labor repairs.

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TYPES REAL LETTERS!

Easy

PORTABLE TYPEWRITER 2.95

ANYONE CAN USE IT!

BOYS! GIRLS! Now you can own your very own PORTABLE TYPEWRITER, at a really CHEAP PRICE! You can type your own letters, homework, bulletins, etc., with this GREAT INVENTION! Imagine the fun you'll have doing it! It's so easy! ANYONE can learn to use it. Letters look just like REAL TYPING and are so neat! Your friends and teachers will praise and admire you! Besides this machine is so light you can carry it with you to school or on trips everywhere. Because it's made of strong metals and materials, it is hard to break and lasts a long time.

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Now it's fun to do your homework and write letters with this typewriter. Ask stores in your neighborhood to let you do addressing and odd typing jobs at home. The money thus earned will go far towards paying for your typewriter. Try writing your own stories like newspaper reporters and novelists do!

NEW "SPHERE" POINT PEN GIVEN

We offer this wonderful SPHERE POINT pen at $1.95, but if you buy a PORTABLE TYPEWRITER, we charge you NOTHING extra for it. After you type, sign your letters with this NEW SPHERE POINT pen! Writing just rolls on to the paper. It never scratches. It always writes smooth as silk. By the way, this wonderful pen writes UNDER WATER also, as well as in AIRPLANES. You can write with it lying down and upside down. It writes sharp and clear and dries quick on the paper. The SPHERE POINT pen also writes on LEATHER, METALS, GLASS. Now we don't ask you ONE PENNY EXTRA for this attractive, useful pen. It's yours FREE of extra cost with your typewriter, but please RUSH your order NOW! Send no money. Pay postman only 2.95 plus postage when he delivers your typewriter and sphere pen. Try them and enjoy them for 10 days at our risk! Full price back quick if you are not thrilled.

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